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# The Merry Deuill OF EDMONTON.

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As it hath been sundry times  
Acted, by his Maiesties  
Seruants, at the Globe on  
the Banke-side.



London printed by A. M. for Francis Falkner, and  
are to be sold at his Shoppe neere vnto S. Margarites hill  
in Southwarke. 1626.

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## The Merry Diuell of Edmonton.

### The Prologue.

Y Our silence and attention worthy friends,  
That your free spirits may with more pleasing sense,  
Relish the life of this our active scene,  
To which intent to calme this murrauring breath,  
We ring this round with our inuoking spelles,  
If that your listning eares be yet prepard  
To entertaine the subiect of our Play,  
Lend vs your patience.

Tis Peter Fabell a renowned Scholler,  
Whose fame hath still beene hitherto forgot  
By all the Writers of this latter age,  
In Middle-sex his birth and his abode,  
Not full seauen miles from this great famous Citie,  
That for his fame in sleights and magick won,  
Was cald The merry Fiend of Edmonton.  
If any heere make doubt of such a name,  
In Edmonton yet fresh vnto this day,  
Fixt in the wall of that old ancient Church  
His Monument remaineth to be scene;  
His memory yet in the mouthes of men,  
That whilst he liude he could deceiue the Diuell:  
Imagine now that whilst he is retirde,  
From Cambridge backe vnto his native home,  
Suppose the silent sable visag de night,

## The merry Diuell

Casts her blacke curtaine ouer all the world,  
And whilst he sleepes within his silent bed,  
Toylde with the studis of the passed day :  
The very time and houre wherein that Spirit  
That many yeares attended his comand ;  
And often times twixt Cambridge and that towne,  
Had in a minute borne him through the ayre,  
By composition twixt the fiend and him, *Draw the curtaines.*  
Comes now to claime the Scholler for his due.  
Behold him heere laide on his restlesse couch,  
His fatall chime prepared at his head,  
His chamber guarded with these sable flights,  
And by him stands that Negromarticke chaire,  
In which he makes his direfull inuocations,  
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will.  
Sit with a pleased eye vntill you know  
The Commickeend of our sad Tragique show. *Exit.*

*The Chime goes, in whichtime, Fabell is oft scene to stare about  
him, and hold up his hands.*

*Fab.* What meanes the touling of this fatall chime ?  
O what a trembling horror strikes my heart !  
My stiffned haire stands vpright on my head,  
As doe the bristles of a Porcupine.

*Enter Coreb a Spirit.*

*Cor.* Fabell awake, or I will beare thee hence headlong to  
Hell.

*Fab.* Ha, ha, why dost thou wake me ?  
*Coreb,* is it thou ?

*Cor.* Tis I.

*Fab.* I know thee well, I heare the watchfull dogs,  
With hollow howling tell of thy approch,  
The lights burne dim affrighted with thy presence :  
And this distempred and tempestuous night  
Tells me the ayre is troubled with some Diuell.

*Cor.* Come, art thou ready ?

*Fab.*

of Edmonton.

Fab. Whither I or to what?

Cor. Why Scholler, this the houre my date expires,

I must depart, and come to claime my due.

Fab. Hah, what is thy due?

Cor. Fabell, thy selfe.

Fab. O let not darkenes heare thee speake that word,

Least that with force it hurry hence amaine,

And leaue the world to looke vpon my woe,

Yet ouerwhelme me with this globe of earth

And let a little sparrow with her bill,

Take but so much as she can beare away,

That every day thus losing of my loade,

I may againe in time yet hope to rise,

Cor. Didst thou not write thy name in thine owne blood?

And drewst the formall Deed twixt thee and mee,

And is it not recorded now in hell?

Fab. Why comest thou in this sterne and horrid shape?

Not in familiar sort as thou wast wont?

Cor. Because the date of thy command is out,

And I am master of thy skil and thee.

Fab. Corib, thou angry and impatient spirit,

I haue earnest businesse for a private friend,

Reserue me spirit vntill some further time.

Cor. I will not for the mines of all the earth.

Fab. Then let me rise, and ere I leaue the world,

Ile dispatch some busines that I haue to doe,

And in meane time repose thee in that chayre.

Cor. Fabell, I will.

Sit downe.

Fab. O that this soule that cost so great a price,

As the deere pretious blood of her Redeemer,

Inspirde with knowledge, shold by that alone

Which makes a man so meane vnto the powers,

Euen leade him downe into the depth of hell,

When men in their owne pride striue to know more

Then man should know!

For this alone God cast the Angels downe,

The infinitie of Arts is like a scat, at leaste a scat.

Take

## The merry Diuell

Into which when man will take in hand to saile  
Further then reason, which should be his pilot,  
Hath skill to guide him, loosing once his compasse,  
He falleth to such deepe and dangerous whirlepooles,  
As he doth loose the very sight of heauen :  
The more he striues to come to quiet harbor,  
The further still he findes himselfe from land,  
Man striving still to finde the depth of euill,  
Seeking to be a God, becomes a Diuell.

*Cor.* Come Fabel, hast thou don ?

*Fab.* Yes, yes, come hither.

*Cor.* Fabel, I cannot.

*Fab.* Cannot, what ailes your hollownes ?

*Cor.* Good Fabel helpe me,

*Fab.* Alas where lies your griefe? some Aqua-vitz,  
The Diuel's very sicke, I feare hee'l die,  
For he lookes very ill.

*Cor.* Darst thou deride the minister of darkenesse?  
In Lucifer's great name Coréb coniures thee  
To set him free.

*Fab.* I will not for the tynes of all the earth,  
Vnlesse thou give me libertie to see,  
Seauen yeares more before thou seaze on mee.

*Cor.* Fabel, I give it thee.

*Fab.* Sweare damned fiend.

*Cor.* Vnbind me, and by hell I will not touch thee,  
Till seauen yeares from this houre be full expirdc.

*Fab.* Enough, come out.

*Cor.* A vengeance take thy art,  
Live, and conuert all piety to euill,  
Neuer did man thus ouer-reach the Diuell;  
No tyme on earth like Phactontique flames,  
Can haue perpetuall being. He returne  
To my infernall mansion, but be fare  
Thy seauen yeeres don, no tricke shall make me tarry,  
But Coréb, thouto hell shalt Fabel carry.

*Fab.* Then thus betwixt vs two this variance ends,

Thou

of Edmonton.

Thou to thy fellow Fiends, I to my Friends,

Exit.

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Dorcas his Lady, Millicent his Daughter, young Harry Clare, the Men booted, the Gentle-women in Cloakes and Safer-gardes, Blague the werry Host of the George comes in with them.

Host. Welcome good Knight to the George at Walsaw,

My Freehold, my Tenements, goods and chattels; Madame heer's a roome in the very Hower and Hiards of a lodg-ing, it hath none of the fourc elements in it; I built it out of the Center, and I drinke nere the lesse Sacke.

Welcome my little wast of Maiden-heads, what? I serue the good Duke of No: folke.

Clare. God amercie my good Host Blague,  
Thou hast a good seate here.

Host. Tis correspondent or so, sheres not a Tantam  
Nor a Carrier shall breath vpon your Geldings,  
They haue villanous rancke feete, the rogues,  
And they shall not sweate in my linnen.  
Knights and Lords too haue beene drunke in my house,  
I thanke the Destinies.

Har. Pre'the good sinfull In-keeper, will that corruptio, thine  
Ostler looke well to my Gelding: Hay, a poxe of these rashes.

Host. You, Saint Dennis, your Gelding shall walke without doores, and coole his feete for his maisters sake, by the bode of S. George, I haue an excellent intelle&t to go steale some venisons. Now when wast thou in the Forrest?

Har. Away you stale messe of whitt-broth: Come hither Sister, let me helpe you.

Clare. Mine Host, is not Sir Richard Munchen sy come yet, according to our appoyntment when we last dindc here?

Host. The Knight's not yet apparent, marry heere's a fore-runner that summons a parley; and faith, he'e be heere top and top gallant presently.

Clare. Tis well; good mine Host goe downe, and see break-fast be prouided.

Host. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes

## The merry Devill

medowne, I am for the baser Element of the Kitchin; I retire like a valiant Soldier, face point-blanke to the foe-man; or like a Courtier, that must not shew the Prince his posteriors; vanish to know my Canuasadoes, and my interrogatories, for I serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Exit.

Cla. How doth my Ladie, are you not weary Madame? Come hither, I must talke in private with you, My daughter Milisent must not ouer-heare.

Mil. I, whispering, pray Cod it tend to my good, Strange feare assailes my heait, vsurpes my bloud.

Cla. You know our meeting with the Knight Mounchensey, Is to assure our Daughter to his Heire.

Dor. Tis without question.

Cla. Two tedious Winters haue past ore, since first These couple lou'd each other, and in passion, Glewd first their naked hands with youthfull moysture, Just so long on my knowledge.

Dor. And what of this?

Cla. This morning should my daughter loose her name, And to Mounchenseys house conuyt our Arties, Quartered within his scutchion; th'affiance made Twixthim and her, this morning should be sealde.

Dor. I know it should.

Cla. But there are crosses wife, here's one in Waltham, An other at the Abbey; and the third At Ceston: and tis ominous to passe by such places Any of these without a Pater-noster. Crosses of Love still thwart this marriage, Whilst that we two like sprites walke in night About those stonic and hard-hearted plots.

Mil. O God, what meanes my Father?

Cla. For looke you wife, theriotous old Knight Hath ore-run his annuall revenue, In keeping iolly Christmas all the yeare, The nostrilles of his chimneys are still stufft With smoke, more chargeable then Cane-tobacco; His Hawkes devoure his fairest Dogs, whilst simple,

of Edmonton.

His leaneſt Curres eate his Hounds carriōn;  
Besides, I heard of late, hiſ younger Brother,  
Or Turkey-Merchant, hath ſure ſuck'de the Knight,  
By meanes of ſome great loſſes on the ſea:  
That you coiceue me, before God all naught,  
Hiſ ſeate is weake, thus each thing rightely ſcand,  
Youle ſee a flight, wife, ſhortly of hiſ Land.

*Mil.* Treafon to my heart ſtrueſt ſoueraigne,  
How ſoone is loue ſmothed in foggy gaine?

*Dor.* But how ſhall we preuent this dangerous match?

*Clar.* I haue a plot, a tricke, and thiſ it is,  
Vnder thiſ colour, Ile breake off the match;  
Ile tell the Knights that now my minde is changeſe  
For marrying of my daughter; for I entend  
To ſend her vnto Cheſton Nunry,

*Mil.* O me accurst!

*Clar.* There to become a moſt religiuous Nunne.

*Mil.* Ile firſt be buried quicke.

*Clar.* To ſpend her beauty in moſt priuate prayers:

*Mil.* Ile ſooner be a ſinner, in forſaking  
Motheſ and father.

*Clar.* How doſt like my plot?

*Dor.* Exceeding well, but is it your intent  
She ſhall continue there?

*Cla.* Continue there, ha, ha, that were a iefte;  
You know, a Virgin may continue there  
A twelue-month and a day, only on triall,  
There shall my Daughter ſoiourne ſome three moneths,  
And in meane time Ile compaffe a faire match  
Twixt youthfull Ierningham, the lusty Heire  
Of Sir Ralph Ierningham, dwelling in the forreſt;  
I thinke they'le both come hither with Mounchensēy.

*Dor.* Your care argues the loue you beare our childe,  
I will ſubſcribe to any thing youle haue me.

*Mil.* You will ſubſcribe to it, good, good, tis well,  
Loue hath two chaires of ſtate, heauen and hell;  
My deare Mounchensēy, thou my death ſhall rue,

## The merry Diuell

Ere to thy heart *Millescent* prooue vntreue.

Exit.

Enter Blague.

*Host.* Oftiers, you knaves and commanders, take the Horses  
of the Knights and Competitors : your honorable Hulkes haue  
put into harboreugh, theile take in fresh-water here, and I haue  
prouided cleane chamberpots.

*Via, they come.*

Enter Sir Richard Mounthensey, Sir Ralph Ierningham, young  
Franks Ierningham, Raymond Monnchensey,  
Peter Fabell, and Bilbo.

*Host.* The Destinies be most neate Chamberlaines to these  
swaggering Puritanes, Knights of the subsidie.

*Sir Moun.* God a mercie good mine Host.

*Sir Iern.* Thankes good host Blague.

*Host.* Roome for my case of Pistollies, that haue Greeke and  
Latine bulletts in them : Let me cling to your flankes my nimble  
Giberalters, and blow winde in your calues to make them swell  
bigger. Ha: He caper in mine owne Fee-simple, away with pun-  
tillios, and Orthography, I serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

*Bilbo.* *Titeret tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

Truly mine Host, Bilbo, though he be somewhat out of fashion,  
will be your onely Blade still, I haue a villanous sharpe stomack  
to slice a breakefast.

*Host.* Thou shalt haue it without any more discontinnance,  
releases, or atturnement; what? we know our termes of hunting,  
and the Sea-carde.

*Bil.* And doe you serue the good Duke of Norfolke still?

*Host.* Still, & still, and still, my soudier of S. Quintins, come,  
follow me, I haue Charles-waine belowe in a butte of sacke, I  
will glister like your Crab-fish.

*Bilb.* You haue fine Scholler-like tearmes, your Coopers  
Dixionarie is your onely booke to studie in a Cel'er, a man shall  
finde very strange wordes in it, come my Host, lets serue the  
good Duke of Norfolke.

*Host.* And still, and still, and still my Boy, He serue the good  
Duke of Norfolke.

of Edmonton.

*Jer.* Good Sir Arthur Clare.

*Clar.* What Gentleman is that? I know him not.

*Moun.* Tis M. Fabell sir, a Cambridge Scholler.

My Sonnes deere friend.

*Clar.* Sir, I intreate you know me.

*Fab.* Command me sir, I am affected to you  
For your Mounchensyes sake.

*Clar.* Alas for him,

I not respect whether he finke or swims

A word in private Sir Raph Ierningham.

*Ray.* Me thinkes your Father looketh strangely on me;  
Say Loue, why are you sad?

*Mil.* I am not Sweete;

Paslion is strong, when woe doth meete.

*Clar.* Shall's in to breakefast, after wee'l conclude  
The cause of this our comming, in and feede,  
And let that vsher a more serious deede.

*Mil.* Whilst you desire his griefe, my heart shall bleede.

*Yong Ier.* Raymond Mounchensy, come, be frolick friend,  
This is the day thou hast expected long.

*Ray.* Pray Ged deere Harry Clare it prooue so happy,

*Jer.* Ther's nought can alter it, be merry Lad.

*Fab.* Ther's nought shall alter it, be liuely Raymond,  
Stand any opposition gainst thy hope,  
Art shall confront it with her largest scope.

*Exeunt.*

*Peter Fabel, solus.*

*Fab.* Good old Mounchensy, is thy hap so ill,  
That for thy bounty, and thy royll parts,  
Thy kinde alliance should be held in scorne,  
And after all these promises by Clare,  
Refuse to give his Daughter to thy Sonne,  
Onely because thy Revenues can not reach,  
To make her dowage of so rich a ioynture,  
As can the Heire of weakly Ierningham?  
And therefore is the false foxe now in hand,  
To strike a match betwixt her and th'other,  
And the old gray-beards now are close together,

## The merry Deuill

Plotting it in the garden. Is't euens so?  
*Raymond Mounchensey*, boy, haue thou and I  
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberall Arts,  
The Metaphisickes, Magicke, and those parts,  
Of the most secret deepe Philosophie?  
Haue I so many melancholy nighes  
Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower?  
And come we backe vnto our native home,  
For want of skill to loose the wench thou lou'st?  
Weele first hang *Enuill* in such rings of miste  
As neuer rose from any dampish fenne;  
He make the brinde sea to rise at Ware,  
And drowne the marshes vnto Stratford-bridge;  
He drue the Deere from Waltham in their walkes,  
And scatter them like sheepe in euery field:  
We may perhaps be crost, but if we be,  
He shall crosse the Deuill that but crosses me.

*Enter Raymond and young Ierningham.*

But here comes *Raymond*, disconsolant and sad,  
And heers the Gallant that must haue the Wench.

*Jer.* I pre' thee *Raymond* leauue these solemne dumpes,  
Reuiue thy spirits, thou that before hast beeene  
More watchfull then the day-proclayming Cocke,  
As sportiue as a Kid, as francke and merry  
As mirth her selfe.

If ought in me may thy content procure,  
It is thine owne thou mayst thy selfe assure.

*Ray.* Ha *Ierningham*, if any but thy selfe  
Had spoke that word, it would haue come as cold  
As the bleake Northerne winds, vpon the face  
Of winter.

From thee they haue some power vpon my blood,  
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow souud,  
Come from the lips of any liuing man,  
It might haue won the credite of mine eare,  
From thee it cannot.

*Jer.* If I understand thee, I am a villaine,

What

of Edmonton.

What, dost thou speake in parables to thy friends?

Clar. Come Boy, and make me this same groning Loue,  
Troubled with stitches, and the cough o'th lungs,  
That wept his eyes out when he was a childe,  
And euer sinice hath shot at hudman-blinde,  
Make her leape, caper, ierke, and laugh, and sing,  
And play me horse-trickes,  
Make Cupid wanton as his Mothers Doue,  
But, in this sort boy I would have thee loue.

Fab. Why how now mad-cap? what my lusty Franke,  
So neere a wife, and will not tell your friend?  
But you will to this geere in hugger-mugger:  
Art thou turn'd miser rascall in thy loues?

Ier. Who I ? z'blod, what should all you see in me,  
That I should looke like a married man? ha,  
Am I balde? are my legs too little for my hose?  
If I feele any thing in my forehead, I am a villain,  
Doe I weare a tight cap? doe I bend in the hams? (ha?)  
What dost thou see in me that I should be towards marriage?

Clar. What, thou married? let me looke vpon thee,  
Rogue, who has giuen this out of thee?  
How camst thou into this ill name? what company  
Hast thou bin in Rascall?

Fab. You are the man sir, must haue Millescent,  
The match is making in the garden now,  
Her ioynture is agreed on, and th'old men  
Your fathers, meane to lanch their busie bags,  
But in meane time to thrust Mounchenscy off,  
For colour of this new intended match,  
Faire Millescent to Cheston must be sent,  
To take the approbation for a Nun.  
Nere looke vpon me lad, the match is done.

Ier. Raymond Monchenscy, now I touch thy griefe,  
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.  
And as for faire and beauteous Millescent,  
With my vaine breath I will not seeke to flubber,  
Her angell like perfections, but thou knowst,

That

## The merry Dixell

That *Essex* hath the Saint that I adore,  
Where ere didst meete me, but we two were louiall,  
But like a wag, thou hast not laught at me,  
And with regardles iesting mockt my loue?  
Now many a sad and weary summer night,  
My sighes haue drunke the dew from off the earth,  
An i I haue caught the Nightingale to wake,  
And from the meadowes sprung the carely Larke,  
An hower before she shold haue list to sing;  
I haue loaded the poore minutes with my moanes,  
That I haue made the heauy slow pasde houres,  
To hang like heauen clogs vpon the day.  
But deere *Mounchenssey*, had not my affection  
Seazde on the beauty of another Dame,  
Before I would wrong the chace, and leaue the loue,  
Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,  
I will abiure both beauty and her sight,  
And will in loue become a counterfeite.

*Mon.* Deere *Ierningham*, thou hast begot my life,  
And from the mouth of hell, where now I sate,  
I feele my spirit rebound against the stars:  
Thou hast conquer'd me deore friend in my free soule,  
There time or death can by their power controule.

*Fab.* Franke *Ierningham*, thou art a gallant boy,  
And were he not my Pupill, I would say,  
He were as fine a metled Gentleman,  
Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper,  
As is in England, and he is a Man,  
That very richly may deserue thy loue.  
But noble *Clare*, this while of our discourse,  
What may *Mounchensseys* houour to thy selfe,  
Exact vpon the measure of thy grace?

*Clar.* Raymond *Mounchenssey*, I would haue thee know,  
He does not breath this ayre,  
Whose loue I cherish, and whose soule I loue,  
More then *Mounchensseys*:  
Nor euer in my life did see the man,  
Whom for his wit and many vertuous parts,

of Edmonton.

I thinke more worth of my Sisters loue,  
But since the matter growes vnto this passe,  
I must not seeme to crosse my Fathers will :  
But when thou list to visit her by night,  
My Horse is saddled, and the stable doore  
Stands readie for thee, vse them at thy pleasure;  
In honest marriage wed her frankly boy,  
And if thou getst her Lad, God giue thee joy:

*Mou.* Then care away, let Fate my fall pretend,  
Backt with the fauours of so true a friend.

*Fab.* Let vs alone to bussell for the set,  
For Age and Craft, with Wit and Art hath met.  
Ile make my Spirits to daunce such nightly ligges,  
Along the way twixt this and T otman Croffe ;  
The Carriers Iades shall cast their heauie packes,  
And the strong hedges scarce shall keepe them in :  
The Milke-maides Cutts shall turne the wenches off,  
And lay their Dossers tumbling in the dust :  
The franke and merry London Prentises,  
That come for Creame, and lusty countrey Cheere,  
Shall lose their way, and scrambling in the ditches,  
All night, shall whoope and hallow, cry, and call,  
And none to other finde the way at all.

*Mou.* Pursue the project Scholler, what we can doe,  
To helpe indeuour, ioyne our lynes thereto.

*Exeunt.*

Enter Banks, Sir John, and Smug.

*Banks.* Take me with you, good Sir John ; a plague on thee  
Smug, and thou touchest liquor thou art founder'd streight :  
What? are your braines alwaies Water-milles? must they euer  
runne round

*Smug.* Banks, your Ale is a Philistine Foxe ; nownes theres  
fire i't taile on't ; you are a rogue to charge vs with Mugs i'th  
tereward; a plague of this winde, O it tickles our Catastrofe.

*Sir Job.* Neighbour Banks of Walsham, and Goodman Smug  
the honest Smith of Edmonton, as I dwel betwixt you both, at  
Enfield, I know the taste of both your Ale-houses, they are good  
both, smart both; hem, grasse and hey, we are all mortall, let's

## The merry Devil

live till we die, and be merrie, and thers an end.

*Banks.* Well said Sir John, you are of the same humor still, and doth the water run the same way still boy?

*Smug.* Vulcan was a rogue to him: Sir John, locke, locke, locke fast Sir John: So Sir John, Ile one of these yeares, when it shall please the Goddesses, and the Destinies, be drunke in your companie; thats all now, and God send vs health; shall I sweare I loue you?

*Sir Job.* No oathes, no oathes, good neighbour Smug, Weele wet our lippes together, and hugge, Carouse in priuate, and eleuate the heart, And the Liver, and the Lights, and the Lights, Marke you me, within vs, for hem, Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, lets liue till we die, and be merrie, and thers an end.

*Bank.* But to our former motion, about stealing some Venison, whither goe we?

*Sir Jo.* Into the Forrest neighbour Banks, into Brians walke, the mad Keeper.

*Smug.* Blood, Ile tickle your Keeper.

*Bank.* Yfaith thou art alwaies drunke, when we haue neede of thee.

*Smug.* Need of me? hart, you shall haue need of me alwaies, while theres yron in an Anvill.

*Banks.* M. Parson, may the Smith goe (thinkc you) being in this taking?

*Smug.* Goe, Ile goe in spight of all the Belles in Waltham.

*Sir Job.* The question is, good Neighbour Banks; let me see, the Moone shines to night; ther's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the Forrest, his braine may be settled ere night, he may goe, he may goe neighbour Banks: Now we want none but the companie of mine Host Blague of the Gorge at Waltham, if he were heere, our Consort were full: Looke where comes my good Host, the Duke of Norfolkes man: and how? and how? a hem, grasse and hay, we are not yet mortall, lets liue till we die, and be merrie, and theres an end.

*Host.* Ha, my Castilian Dialogues, and art thou ier with still boy? Miller, doth the match hold? Smith I see by thy eycs thou hast

of Edmonson.

hast bin reading a little *Geneus* print: But wend we metrily to the forrest, to steale soe of the Kings deere. Ile meet you at the time appointed: away, I haue Knights & Colonels at my house, and must rend the Hungarions. If wec be scar'd in the Forrest, we'l meet in the Church-porch at Enfield; ist correspondent?

*Bark.* Tis well; But how if any of vs shold be taken?

*Smug.* He shall haue ransome by my Sword.

*Hest.* Tush, the knaucs Keepers are my bonafosis, and my pentioners, nine a clocke, be valient, my little Gogmagogs: Ile fence with all the Iustices in Hartford-shire; Ile haue a Buck till I die, Ile slay a Doe while I liue, hold your bowe strecth and steadic; I serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

*Smug.* O rare! who ho, ho, boy.

*Sir Ioh.* Peace neighbour *Smug*, you see this Boore, a Boore of the Countrey, an illiterate Boore, & yet the Citizen of good-fellowes, come, lets prouide a Hen: grasse and hay, we are noe yet all mortall, we'l liue till we die, and be merry, and ther's an end, come *Smug*.

*Smug.* Good night *Waltham*, who, ho, ho, boy. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Knights and Gentlemen from breakfast againe.

*Old Mou.* Nor I for thee *Clare*, nor of this,  
What? hast thou fed me all this while with shales?

And com'st to tell me now thou lik'st it not?

*Clare.* I doe not hold thy offer competent:  
Nor doe I like th'assurance of thy Land,  
The title is so brangled with thy debts.

*Old Mo.* Too good for thee, and Knight thou knowst it well,  
I fawnd not on thee, for thy goods, not I,  
Twas thine owne motion, that thy Wife doth know.

*Lad.* Husband it was so, he lies not in that,

*Clar.* Hold thy chat queane.

*Old Mou.* To which I harkned, willingly, and the rather,  
Because I was per swaded it proceeded  
From loue thou bor'st to me, and to my Boy,  
And gau'ft him free accessse vnto thy house,  
Where he hath not behau'd him to thy Childe,  
But as befits a Gentleman to doe:  
Nor is my poore distressed state so lowe,

## The merry Denill

That Ile shut vp my doores I warrant thee,

*Cla.* Let it suffice Mounchensay, I mislike it,  
Nor thinke thy Sonne a match fit for my Childe.

*Moun.* I tell thee *Clare*, his blood is good and cleere,  
As the best drop that panteth in thy veines :  
But for this Maide, thy faire and vertuous childe,  
She is more disparag'd by thy basenes,  
Then the most orient, and the precious Iewell,  
Which still retaines his lustre and his beautie,  
Although a slave were owner of the same.

*Cla.* She is the last is left me to bestow,  
And her I meane to dedicate to God.

*Moun.* You doe sir.

*Clar.* Sir, sir, I doe, she is mine owne.

*Moun.* And pitty she is so :

Damnation dog thee, and thy wretched pelfe.

*Cla.* Not thou *Mounchensay*, shalt bestow my Childe.

*Moun.* Neyther shouldest thou bestow her where thou  
mean'st.

*Cla.* What wilt thou doe ?

*Moun.* No matter, let that be,  
I will doe that perhaps shall anger thee ;  
Thou hast wrongd my loue, and by a blessed Angell,  
Thou shalt well know it.

*Cla.* Tut, braue not me.

*Moun.* Braue thee base Churle, wer't not for man-hood sake ;  
I say no more, but that there be some by,  
Whose blood is hotter then ours is,  
Which being stird, might make vs both repent  
This foolish meeting : But *Ralph Clare*,  
Although thy Father haue abusd my friendship,  
Yet I loue thee, I doe my noble Boy.  
I doe yfaith.

*Lady.* I, doe, doe, fill all the world with talke of vs man, man,  
I never lookt for better at your hands.

*Fab.* I hop'd your great experience and your yeares,  
Would haue proou'd patience rather to your soule,  
Then with this frantique and vntamed passion,

## of Edmton.

To whet their Skeenes, and but for that  
I hope their friendships are too well confirm'd,  
And their minds temper'd with more kindly heare,  
Then for their forward Parents fowardnesse,  
That they should breake forth into publique braules,  
How ere the rough hand of th'untoward world,  
Hath moulded your proceedings in this matter,  
Yet I am sure the first intent was loue :  
Then since the first spring was so sweete and warme,  
Let it die gently, ne're kill it with a scorne.

*Ra.* O thou base world, how leproous is that Soule  
That is once limb'd in that polluted mudde :  
Oh Sir *Arthyr*, you haue startled his free active spirits,  
With a too sharpe spur for his minde to bære :  
Haue patience sir, the remedie to woe,  
Is to leave that offorce we must forgoe.

*Mil.* And I must take a twelue months approbation,  
That in meane time this sole and private life,  
At the yeares end may fashion me a Wife :  
But sweet *Mounbensy* ere this yearre be done,  
Thou'st be a Frier if that I be a Nun :  
And Father, ere young *Ferningham* Ile be,  
I will turne mad, to spight both him and thee.

*Clar.* Wife, Come to Horse, and Huswif make you readie,  
For if I live, I sweare by this good light,  
Ile see you lodg'd in *Cheffon*-house to nighte. *Exeunt*

*Moun.* Ramond away, thou seest how matters fall,  
Churle, hell consume thee, and thy pelfe and all.

*Fab.* Now M. *Clare*, you see how matter's fadge,  
Your *Millescent* must needes be made a Nun :  
Well sir, we are the men must ply this match,  
Hold you your peace, and be a looker on,  
And send her vnto *Cheffon*, where he will,  
Ile send me Fellowes of a handfull hie,  
Into the Cloysters where the Nuns frequent,  
Shall make them skip like Does about the dale,  
And make the Lady Prioresse of the house,

## The merry Denill

To play at leape-froge naked in their smocks,  
Vntill the merrie wenches at their masse,  
Cry teehee, weehee,  
And tickling these mad lasses in their flanckes,  
Shall spraule and squeake, and pinch their fellow Nunnes,  
Be lively boyes, before the wench we lose,  
Ile make the Abbas weare the Cannons hose. *Exeunt.*

*Enter. Harry Clare, Franke, Ierningham, Peter Fabell,*  
*and Milliscent.*

*Ha.Cla.* Spight now hath done her worst, sister be patient.

*Ier.* Forewarnd poore Raymonds company O heauen,  
when the composure of weake frailtie meet,  
Vpon this mart of durt; O then weake loue,  
Must in her owne vnhappines be silent,  
And wincke on all deformities.

*Mill.* Tis well; whers Raymond brother? whers my deere Mounchenscy?  
Would we might weepe together and then part,  
Our fighing party would much ease my heart.

*Fab.* Sweete beautie fold your sorrowes in the thought,  
Of future reconcilement, let your teares  
Shew you a woman; but be no further spent  
Then from the eyes; for (sweete) experiance saies,  
That loue is firme thats flattered with dolaires.

*Mill.* Alas sir, thinke you I shall ere be his?

*Fab.* As sure as parting smiles on future blisse,  
Yond comes my friend, see he hath dotcd  
So long vpon your beautie, that your want  
Will with a pale retirement wast his blood,  
For in true loue Musick doth sweetly dwell,  
Seuerd, these lesse worlds beare within them hell.

*Enter Mounchenscy.*

*Monst.* Harry and Franke, you are enioynd to waine your  
friendship from me, we must part the breath of all aduised cor-  
ruption, pardon me.

Faith

## of Edmonton.

Faith I must say so, you may thinke I loue you,  
I breath not, rougher spight do seuer vs,  
Weele meete by stealth, sweet friend by stealth you twaine,  
Kisses are sweetest got by strugling paine.

*Jer.* Our frindship dies not *Raymond*.

*Moun.* Pardon me :

I am busied, I haue lost my faculties,  
And buried them in *Milliscents* cleere eyes.

*Mill.* Alas sweet Loue what shall become of me ?

I must to Chesson to the Nunnerie,  
I shall nere see thee more.

*Moun.* How sweet !

Ile be thy votary, weele often meete,  
This kisse diuides vs, and breaths soft adiew,  
This be a Jouble charme to keepe both true.

*Fab.* Haue done, your fathers may chance spic your par-  
Refuse not you by any meanes good sweetnes ?  
To goe vnto the Nunnerie, for from hence,  
Must we beget your loues sweete happines,  
You shall not stay there long, your harder bed,  
Shall be more soft when Nun and maide are dead.

### Enter Bilbo.

*Moun.* Now firra what's the matter ?

*Bil.* Marry you must to horse presently, that villanous old  
gowtie churle, Sir Richard Clare longs till he be at the Nunnerie.

*Ha.Cla.* How sir ?

O I cry you mercy, he is your father sir indeed ; but I am sure  
that thers less affinitie betwixt your two natures, then there is  
betweene a broker and a cutpurse.

*Moun.* Bring my gelding firra.

*Bil.* Well nothing greeues me, but for the poore wench, she  
must now cry *vale* to Lobster-pies, hartichokes and all such  
meates of mortalitie ; poore gentlewoman, the signe must not  
be in virgo any longer with her, and that mo grieues, farewell  
Poore *Milliscents*.

Must pray and repente.

## The merry Deuill

O fatall wonder !  
Sheele now be no fatter,  
Loue must not come at her,  
Yet she shall be kept vnder.

Exit.

Ier. Farewell deere *Raymond*.

Ha. Cla. Friend adew.

Mil. Deere sweete,  
Now ioy enjoyes my heart till we next meete.

Exeunt.

Fab. Well *Raymond*, now the tide of discontent  
Beates in thy face, but er't be long, the winde  
Shall turne the flood, we must to *Walham-Abbey*,  
And as faire *Millescent* in *Cheffon* liues  
A most vnwilling Nun ; so thou shalt there  
Become a beardles Nouice, to what end,  
Let time and future accidents declare :  
Tast thou my sleightes, thy loue I le onely share.

Mom. Turne Frier? come my good Counseller lets goe,  
Yet that diguise will hardly shroude my woe. Exeunt.

Enter the Prioress of *Cheffon*, With a Nun or two, Sir *Arthur Clare*, Sir *Ralph Ierningham*, *Henry* and *Franke*, the Lady, and *Bilbo*, With *Millescent*.

La. Cla. Madam,  
The loue vnto this holy Sisterhood,  
And our confirmd opinion of your zeale,  
Hath truely woane vs to bestow our Childe,  
Rather on this then any neigbouring Cell.

Pris. Iesu's Daughter, *Maries* Childe,  
Holy Matron, Woman milde,  
For thee a Mass shall still be saide,  
Euery Sister drop a Beade,  
And those againe succeeding them  
For you shall sing a *Requiem*.

Fran. The Wench is gone *Harry*, she is no more a woman of  
this world, marke her well, she lookes like a Nun alreadie, what  
thinkst on her ?

Har. By my faith her face comes handsomely to't,

But

## of Edmonton.

But peace, lets heare the rest.

Sir Ar. Madam, for a twelue-moneths approbation,  
We meane to make this triall of our Childe,  
Your care, and our deere blessing, in meane time  
We pray, may prosper this intended worke.

Pri. May your happie Soule be blith,  
That so truely pay your Tithes;  
He that many Children gaue,  
Tis fit that he one Childe should haue.  
Then faire Virgin heare my spell,  
For I must your dute tell.

Mill. Good men and true, stand together,  
and heare your charge.

Pri. First, a mornings take your Booke,  
The Glasse wherein your selfe must looke,  
Your young thoughts, so proud and iolly,  
Must be turnd to motions holie;  
For your Buske, Attires, and Toyes,  
Haue your thoughtes on heauenly joyes;  
And for all your follies past,  
You must doe penance, pray, and fast.

Bil. Let her take heed of fasting, and if ever she  
hurt her selfe with praying, Ile neare trust beast.

Mill. This goes hard berlady.

Pri. You shall ring the Sacking Bell,  
Keep your howers, and call your Knell:  
Rise at midnight to your Mattins,  
Read your Psalter, sing your Latins,  
And when your blood shal kindle pleasure,  
Scourge your selfe in plenteous meausures.

Mill. Worse and worse by Saint Mary.

Fra. Sirra, Hal how does she hold her countenance? well,  
goe thy waies, if euer thou prooue a Nun, Ile build an Abbey.

Har. She may be a Nun, but if euer she prooue an Anchoressse, Ile digge her grane with my nailes.

Fra. To her againe Mother.

Har. Hold thine owne Wench.

## The merry Deuill

*Prio.* You must reade the morning Mass;  
You must creepe vnto the Croffe,  
Put cold Ashes on your head,  
Haue a Haire-cloth for your Bed.

*Bil.* She had rather haue a Man in her bed.

*Prio.* Binde your Beades, and tell your needes,  
Your holie Ayres, and your Creedes,  
Holy-maide, this must be done,  
If you meane to liue a Nunne.

*Mil.* The Holie-Maide will be no Nunne.

*Sir Ar.* Madamc, we haue some busynesse of import,  
And must be gone. Wilt please you take my Wife into your Closet,  
Who further will 2equaint you with my minde,  
And so good Madame for this time adieu. *Exeunt Women.*

*Sir Ra.* Well now Franke Clare, how sayst thou?  
To be briefe,  
What wilt thou say for all this, if we two,  
Thy Father, and my selfe, can bring about,  
That we conuert this Nun to be a Wife,  
And thou the Husband to this pretty Nun;  
How then my Lad? ha, Franke, it may be done.

*Har.* I, now it workes.

*Fra.* O God sir! you amaze me at your wordes;  
Thinke with your selfe sir, what a thing it were,  
To cause a Recluse to remoue her vow,  
A maymed, contrite, and repentant Soule,  
Euer mortified with Fasting, and with Prayer,  
Whose thoughts even as her eyes are fix'd on heauen;  
To draw a Virgin thus devout with Zcale,  
Backe to the world. O impious deede;  
Nor by the Canon Law can it be done,  
Without a dispensation from the Church:  
Besides, she is epronc vnto this life,  
As she'll euen shrecke to heare a Husband nam'd.

*Bil.* I, a poore innocent shee: well heers no knavery,  
He flowtes the old Fooles to their teeth.

*Sir Ra.*

## of Edmonton.

Sir Ral. Boy, I am glad to heare  
Thou mak'st such scruple of that Conscience,  
And in a Man so young as is your selfe,  
I promise you tis very seldom seene.  
But Francke, this is a tricke, a meere devise,  
A sleight plotted betwixt her Father and my selfe;  
To thrust Monuchensys nose beside the cushion,  
That being thus deparde of all access,  
Time yet may worke him from her thoughts,  
And give thee ample scope to thy desires.

Bil. A plague on you both for a couple of Iewes.

Har. How now Francke, what say you to that?

Fran. Let me alone, I warrant thee :  
Sir, assur'd that this motion doth proccede,  
From your most kinde and Fatherly affection,  
I doe dispose my liking to your pleasure,  
But for it is a matter of such moment  
As holy Marriage, I must craue thus much,  
To hane some conference with my Ghostly Father,  
Frier Hilder sham, here by, at Waleham-Abbey,  
To be absolu'd of thinges, that it is fit  
None onely, but my Confessor should know.

Sir Ar. With all my heart, hee's a reverend man, and to  
morrow morning we will meeete all at the Abbey, where by  
th'opinion of that Reverend man,  
We will proceed, I like it passing well ;  
Till then we part, Boy, I thinke of it, farewell :  
A Parents care no mortall tongue can tell.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Raymond Mon-  
chensey like a Frier.

Sir Ar. Holy young Nouice, I haue told you now  
My full intent, and doe referre the rest  
To your professed secrecie and care :  
And see,  
Our serious speech hath stolne vpon the way,  
That we are come vnto the Abbey-gate.

## The merry Deuill

Because I know Mounchensey is a Foxe,  
That craftily doth ouerlooke my dooings,  
He not be seene, not I : Tush, I haue done,  
I had a Daughter, but shee's now a Nunne ;  
Farewell deare Sonne, farewell! Exit.

Moun. Fare you well, I, you haue done ;  
Your Daughter sir, shall not be long a Nunne.  
O my rare Tutor, never mortall braine,  
Plotted out such a plot of policie ;  
And my deere bosome is so great with laughter,  
Begot by his simplicity and error :  
My Soule is fal'n in labour with her ioy :  
O my true friends ! Franke Loringham, and Clare,  
Did you but know but how this Iest takes fire,  
That good Sir Arthur, thinking me a Novice,  
Hath euен pour'd himselfe into my bosome ;  
O ! you would vent your spleenes with tickling mirth,  
But Raymond peace, and haue an eye about,  
For feare perhaps some of the Nupries looke out.

Peace and Charity within,  
Neuer toucht with deadly sinne ;  
I cast Holy-water poore,  
On this wall, and on this doore,  
That from euill shall defend,  
And keepe you from the vgly Fiend ;  
Euill Spright by night nor day,  
Shall approach or come this way ;  
Elfe nor Fayrie, by this grace,  
Day nor night shall haunt this place. Holy Maidens knock.

Answer within. Who's that which knocks? ha, who's there?

Moun. Gentle Nun, here is a Frier. Enter Nunne.

Nun. A Frier without, now Christ vs sauēt  
Holy Man, what wouldst thou haue?

Moun. Holy Maide, I hither come,  
From Frier and Father Hildersome,  
By the fauour and the grace  
Of the Prioresse of this place,

Amongst

of Edmonton.

Amongst you all to visite one,  
That's come for approbation,  
Before she was as now you are,  
The Daughter of Sir Arthur Clare:  
But since she now became a Nun,  
Call'd *Miliscent* of Edmonton.

*Nun.* Holy Man, repose you there,  
This newes Ile to our Abbas beare:  
To tell what a Man is sent,  
And your message, and intent.

*Moun.* Benedicite.

*Nun.* Benedicite.

*Moun.* Doc my good plump Wench, if all fall right,  
Ile make your Sister-hood one less by night:  
Now happie fortune speede this merrie drift,  
I like a Wench comes roundly to her shrift.

*Enter Lady and Miliscent.*

*Lady.* Haue Friers recourse then to the House of Nuns?  
*Mill.* Madam, it is the order of this place,  
When any Virgin comes for approbation,  
Lest that for feare, or such sinister practise,  
She should be forc'd to vndergoe this vail,  
Which should proceede from Conscience and Devotion:  
A Visitor is sent from Walsham House,  
To take the true Confession of the Maide.

*Lad.* Is that the order? I commend it well,  
You to your Shrift, Ile backe vnto the Cell.

*Exit.*

*Mon.* Life of my Soule, bright Angell.

*Mill.* What meanes the Frier?

*Mon.* O Miliscent, tis I.

*Mill.* My heart misgiues me, I should know that voyce,  
You, who are you? The holy Virgin blesse me.  
Tell me your Name, you shall ere you confess me.

*Mon.* Mounbensem thy true friend.

*Mill.* My Raymond, my deere heart,  
Sweete life giue leauc to my distracted soule,

## The merry Denill

To wake a little from this swoone of ioy,  
By what meanes cam'st thou to assume this shape?

*Mou.* By meanes of Peter Fable my kinde Tutor,  
Who in the habite of Frier Hilderham,  
*Francke Ierninghams* oldfriend and Confessor,  
Plotted by *Franske*, by *Fabell*, and my selfe,  
And so deliuered to Sir *Arthur Clare*,  
Who brought me heere vnto the Abbey-gate,  
To be his Nun-made Daughters Visitor.

*Mil.* You are all sweet traytors to my poore old Father;  
O my deerelife, I was a dream'd to night,  
That as I was praying in mine Psalter,  
There came a Spirit vnto me as I kneeld,  
And by his strong perswasions tempted me  
To leaue this Nurie; and me thought  
He came in the most glorious Angell shape,  
That mortall eye did euer looke vpon.  
Ha, thou art sure that Spirit, for theres no forme,  
Is in mine eye so glorious as thine owne.

*Mou.* O thou Idolatresse that doſt this worship,  
To him whose likenes is but praise of thee,  
Thou bright vnsetting star, which through this vaile,  
For very enuie mak'st the Sun looke pale.

*Mil.* Well Visitor, leſt that perhaps my Mother  
Should thinke the Frier too strickt in his decrees,  
I this confesse to my sweet Ghostly Father,  
If chaste pure loue be ſin, I muſt confesse,  
I haue offendēd three yeares now with thee.

*Mou.* But doe you yet repente you of the ſame?

*Mil.* Yfaith I can not.

*Mou.* Nor will I abſolute thee,  
Of that ſweet ſin, though it be Veniall,  
Yet haue the penance of a thouſand kiſſes.  
And I enioyne you to this Pilgrimage,  
That in the euening you beſtow your ſelfe  
Heere in the walke neere to the Willow-ground,  
Where Ile be readie both with Men and Horſe,

## of Edmonton.

To waite your comming, and conney you hence,  
Vnto a Lodge I haue in Enfield Chase :  
No more replie if that you yeeld consent,  
I see more eyes vpon our stay are bent.

Mil. Sweet life farcwell, tis done ; let that suffice,  
What my tongue failes, I send thee by mine eyes.

Exit.

Enter Fabel, Clare, and Yerningham.

Ier. Now Visitor how does this new made Nun ?

Cla. Come, come, how does she noble Capouchin ?

Mon. She may be poore in Spirit, but for the Flesh tis fatte  
and plumpe Boyes :

Ah Rogues, there is a company of Girles would turne you all  
Friars.

Fab. But how Monchensey ? How Lad for the Wench ?

Mon. Sounds Lads, yfaith I thanke my holy Habite,  
I haue confest her, and the Lady Prioresse hath given me Ghoft-  
ly Counsell, with her Blessing.

And how say ye Boyes,  
If I be chose the weeklye Visitor ?

Cla. Blood, shee'l haue nerg a Nurne vnbagd to sing Mass  
then.

Ier. The Abbot of Walsham will haue as many Children, to  
put to Nurse, as he has Calues in the Marsh.

Mon. Well to be biefe, the Nun will soone at night turne  
Lippit ; if I can but devise to quit her cleanly of the Nunrie, she  
is mine owne.

Fab. But Sister Raymond, What newes of Peter Fabel at the  
House ?

Mon. Tush, hees the onely Man ; a Negromancer, and a  
Coniurer, that workes for young Monchensey altogether ; and  
if it be not for Fryer Benedicke, that he can crosse him by his  
learned skill, the Wench is gone.

Fabel will fetch her out by very Magicke.

Fab. Stands the winde there Boy ? keepe them in that key,  
The Wench is ours before tomorrow day :

Well

## The merry Deuill

Well Ralph and Franke, as ye are Gentlemen, sticke to vs close this once; you know your Fathers haue Men and Horse lie ready still at Chelton, to watch the coast be cleere, to scout about, and haue an eye vnto Monnchenscys walkes; therefore you two may houer thereabouts, and no man will suspect you for the matter: be readie but to take her at our hands, leaue vs to scameble for her getting out.

*Ier.* Blood, if all Harford-shire were at our heeles, weele carry her away in spight of them.

*Cla.* But whither Raymond?

*Mon.* To Brians vpper Lodge in Enfield-Chase, he is mine honest friend, and a tall Keeper, Ile send my Man vnto him presently, to acquaint him with your comming, and intent.

*Fab.* Be briefe, and secret.

*Mon.* Soone at night, remember  
You bring your Horses to the willow ground,

*Ier.* Tis done, no more.

*Cla.* We will not faile the hower.  
My life and fortune, now lies in your power.

*Fab.* About our busines, Raymond lets away,  
Thinke of your hower, it drawes well off the day.

Enter Blague, Banks, Smig, and Sir John.

*Bla.* Come yee Hungarian Pilchers, we are once more come vnder the zona Torrida of the Forrest, lets be resolute, lets flie too and againe; & the deuill come, weeple put him to his Interrogatories, and not budge a foote, what? foote he put fire into you, yee shall all three serue the good Duke of Norfolk.

*Smig.* Mine Host, my Bully, my pretious Consult, my noble Holernes, I haue bin drunke i'thy house, twentie times and ten, all's one for that, I was last night in the third Heaven, my braine was poore, it had yest in't; but now I am a man of action, is't not so Lad?

*Ban.* Why? now thou hast two of the Liberall Sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou maist serue the Duke of Europe.

*Smig.* I will serue the Duke of Christendome, and doe him more credite in his Celler, than all the Plate in his Butterie, is't not so Lad?

of Edmonton.

Sir Job. Mine Host, and Smug, stand there Banks, you, and your Horse, keepe together, but lie close; shewe no trickes, for feare of the Keeper: If wee be scard, weele meet in the Church-porch at Enfield.

Smug. Content Sir Job.

Banks. Smug, dost not thou remember the Tree thou fell'st out of last night?

Smug. Tush, and't had beeene as high as an Abbey, I should nere haue hurt my selfe, haue fallen into the River, comming home from Waltham, and scapt drowning.

Sir Job. Come, seuer, scare no Spirits, wee haue a Bucke presently, we haue watched later then this for a Doe, mine Host.

Host. Thou speakest as true as Veluet.

Sir Job. Why then come, grasse and hay, &c. Exeunt.

Enter Clare, Ierningham, and Milliscent.

Cla. Franke Ierningham?

Ier. Speakes softly Rogue, how now?

Cla. S'foot, we shall lose our way, its so darke, whereabouts are we?

Ier. Why man, at Poiters Gate; The way lies right: Harke, the Clock strikes at Enfield, what's the houre?

Cla. Ten, the Bell saies.

Ier. A lyes in's throate, it was but eight when we set out of Cheston; Sir Job and his Sexton are at their Ale to night, the Clocke runnes at randome.

Cla. Nay, as sure as thou liu'ft the villanous Vicar is abroad in the Chase this darke night; the stony Priest steales more Vealison then halfe the Country.

Ier. Milliscent, how dost thou?

Mill. Sir, very well.

I would to god we were at Brians lodge.

Cla. We shall anon, nouns harke, What meaneſt this noyſe?

Ier. Stay, I heare Horse-men.

Cla. I heare Foote-men too.

## The merry Deuill

*Fer.* Nay then I haue it, we haue bene discouerd;  
And we are followed by our Fathers Men.

*Mill.* Bro her, and Friend, alas what shall we doe?

*Cla.* Sister, speake softly, or we are descride,

They are hard vpon vs, what so ere they be,  
Shadow your selfe behinde this brake of Ferne,  
Weele get into the Wood, and let them passe.

Enter Sir John, Blague, Smug, and Bankes,  
one after an other.

*Sir Joh.* Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, the Keepers  
broade, and theres an end.

*Bank.* Sir John.

*Sir Joh.* Neighbour Bankes, what newes?

*Bank.* Zounds Sir John, the Keepers are abroade; I was hard  
by am.

*Sir Joh.* Grasse and hay, whers mine Host Blague?

*Bla.* Here Metropolitane, the Philistines are vpon vs, be  
silent; Let vs serue the good Duke of Norfolke: But where is  
Smug?

*Smug.* Here, a poxe on ye all Dogges, I haue kild the grea-  
test Buck in *Brians Walke*; shift for you selues, all the Keepers  
are vp, lets meete in *Enfielde Church-porch*, away, we are all ta-  
ken else.

Exit.

Enter Brian, with his Man, and his Hound.

*Bri.* Ralph, heurst thou any stirring?

*Ra.* I heard one speake here hardby, in the bottome; peace  
Master; speake lowe, nownes, if I did not heare a Bowe goe off,  
and the Bucke bray, I never heard Decre in my life.

*Bri.* When went your Fellowes into their Walkes?

*Ra.* An hower agoe.

*Bri.* Life, is there Stealers abroade, and they can not heare  
of them? where the Deuill are my Men to night? sirra, goe vp  
the windē toward *Buckleys Lodge*:  
Ile cast about the bottome with my Hound, and I will meete  
thee vnder *Cony Oake*.

*Ra.* I will Sir.

Exit.  
Bri.

of Edmonton.

Bri. How now? by the Mass my Hound stayes vpon some<sup>t</sup> thing; harke, harke, *Bowman*, harke, harke, there.

Mill. Brother, *Francke Ierningham*, Brother *Clare*.

Bri. Peace, that's a Womans voyce, stand, who's there? stand, or Ile shoote.

Mill. O Lord! hold your hands, I meane no harme Sir.

Bri. Speake, who are you?

Mill. I am a Maide Sir: who? Master *Brian*?

Bri. The very same: sure I should know her voyce; Mistris *Milliscent*?

Mill. I, it is I Sir.

Bri. God for his passion, what make you here alone? I loak'd for you at my Lodge an hower agoe, what meanes your Company to leaue you thus? who brought you hither?

Mill. My Brother Sir, and Master *Ierningham*, who hearing Folkes about vs in the Chase, feard it had bene Sir *Arthur*, and my Father, (who had persude vs) thus dispersed our selues, till they were past vs.

Bri. But where be they?

Mill. They be not farre off, here about the Groue.

Enter *Clare*, and *Ierningham*.

Cla. Be not afraide man, I heard *Brians* tongue, that's cer-

Ier. Call softly for your Sister.

Cla. *Milliscent*.

Mill. I Brother, heere.

Bri. Master *Clare*.

Cla. I told you it was *Brian*,

Bri. Whoes that, Master *Ierningham*? you are a couple of hot-shots; does a Man commit his Wench to you, to put her to grasse at this time of night?

Ier. We heard a noyse about vs in the Chase,

And fearing that our Fathers had pursude vs,

Seuerd our selues.

Cla. Brian, how hapned st thou on her?

Bri. Seeking for Stealers are abroad tonight,  
My Hound stayed on her, and so found her out.

# The merry Deuill

Cla. They were these Stealers that affrighted vs,  
I was hard vpon them, when they horst their Deere,  
And I perceiue they tooke me for a Keeper.

Bri. Which way tooke they ?

Jer. Towards Enfielde.

Bri. A plague vpon t, thats that damnd Priest, and Blague  
of the George, he that serues the good Duke of Norfolke.

A Noyse within, Follow, follow, follow.

Cla. Peace, thats my Fathers voyce.

Bri. Nownes, you suspected them, and now they are heere  
indeed.

Mil. Alas, what shall we doe ?

Bri. If you goe to the Lodge, you are surely taken,  
Strike downe the Wood to Enfielde presently,  
And if Mounchensley come, Ile sende him t'ye :  
Let me alone to bussle with your Father,  
I warrant you, that I will keepe them play,  
Till you haue quit the Chase, away, away.

Who's there?

Enter the Knights,

Sir Ralp. In the Kings Name, pursue the Raisher.

Bri. Stand, or Ile shoote.

Sir Ar. Whoes there ?

Bri. I am the Keeper, that doe charge you stand,  
You haue stollen my Deere

Syr Ar. We stolne thy Deere, wee doe pursue a Thiefe:

Bri. You are arand Thieues, and yee haue stolne my Deere.

Sir Ra. Wee are Knights, Sir Arthur Clare, and Sir Ralph  
Ierningham.

Bri. The more your shame, that Knightes should be such  
Thieues.

Sir Ar. Who? or what art thou?

Bri. My name is Brian, Keeper of this Walk.

Sir Ra. O Brian, a villaine,  
Thou hast receiu'd my Daughter to thy Lodge.

Bri. You haue stolne the best Deere in my Walk to night,  
my Deere.

Sir Ar. My Daughter.

Stop

of Edmonton.

Stop not my way.

Bri. What make you in my Walke? you haue stolne the best Buck in my Walke to night.

Sir Ar. My Daughter.

Bri. My Deere.

Sir R. Where is Mounchenscy?

Bri. Wher's my Bucke?

Sir Ar. I will complaine me of thee to the King.

Bri. Ile complaine vnto the King you spoile his Game: Tis strange that Men of your account and calling, will offer it, I tell you true, Sir Arthur, and Sir Ralph, that none but you haue onely spoild my Game.

Sir Ar. I charge you stop vs not.

Bri. I charge you both get out of my Ground: Is this a time for such as you, Men of Place, and of your Grauitie, to be abroad a theeuing? tis a shame, and a fort God if I had shot at you, I had serude you well enough.

Exeunt.

Enter Bankes the Miller wet on his Legges.

Ban. Foote, heers a darke night indeed, I thinke I haue bin in fifteen ditches between this 2<sup>d</sup> and the Forrest: soft, heers Enfield Church: I am so wet with climing ouer into an Orchard, for to steale some Filberts: Well, heere Ile sit in the Church-porch, and waite for the rest of my Consorts.

Enter the Sexton.

Sex. Heers a skie as blacke as Lucifer, God blesse vs, heere was Goodman Theophilus buried, he was the best Nut-cracker that euer dwelt in Enfield: well, tis nine a clocke, tis time to ring Curfew. Lord blesse vs? what a white thing is that in the Church-porch. O Lord, my Legges are too weake for my Body, my Haire is too striffe for my Night-cap, my heart failes; this is the Ghost of Theophilus. O Lord it followes me, I can not say my Prayers and one would give me a thousand pound: good Spirit, I haue Bowld, and Drunke, and followed the Hounds with you a thousand times, though I haue not the spirit now to deale with you; O Lord.

## The merry Denill

Enter Priest.

Pri. Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, who's there?

Sex. We are grasse and hay indeed; I know you to be Master Parson by your Phrase.

Pri. Sexton.

Sex. I Sir.

Pri. For mortalities sake, what's the matter?

Sex. O Lord, I am a man of an other element; Master Thophilus Ghost is in the Chatch porch, there was a hundred Cats all fire, dancing eu'en now; and they are clombe vp to the top of the Steeple, Ile not into the Belltree for a world.

Pri. O good Salomon; I haue bene about a deede of darke-  
nesse tonight: O Lord, I saw fiftene Spirits in the Forrest,  
like white Bulles, if I lie, I am an arrant Theife: Mortalitie  
haunts vs; grasse and hay, the Deuills at our hooles, and lets  
hence to the Parsonage.

Exeunt.

*The Miller comes out very softly.*

Mill. What noise was that? tis the Watch, sure that vil-  
lous vnluckie Rogue Smug is tane vpon my life, and then all  
our knauerie comes out, I heard one cry sure.

Enter Host Blague.

Host. If I go steale any more Venison, I am a Paradox, foot  
I can scarce beare the sinne of my Flesh in the day, tis so heauie,  
if I turne not honest, and serue the good Duke of Norfolke, as  
a true Mareterraneum Skinker should doe, let me never looke  
higher then the element of a Constable.

Mill. By the masse there are some Watchmen; I heare them  
name Master Constable, I would my Mill were an Eunuch and  
waanted her Sotnes, so I were hence.

Host. Who's there?

Mill. Tis the Constable by this light, Ile steale hence, and if  
I can meet mine Host Blague, Ile tell him how Smug is tane, and  
will him to looke to himselfa.

Exit.  
Host.

of Edmonton.

*Host.* What the Devill is that white thing? this same is a Church-yeard, and I haue heard that Ghosts, and villanous Goblins haue bee ne scene heare.

*Enter Sexton, and Priest.*

*Pri.* Grasse and hay, O that I could coniure, we saw a Spirit here in the Church-yeard; and in the fallow field thers the Devill, with a Mans body vpon his backe in a white Sheet.

*Sext.* It may be a Womans Body Sir John.

*Pri.* If she be a Woman, the sheets damne her. Bleſſe vs, what a night of mortallitie is this!

*Host.* Priest.

*Pri.* Mine Host.

*Host.* Did you not see a Spiritall in white, crosse you at the Strile?

*Sext.* O no mine Host, but there sate one in the Porch, I haue not breath enough left to bleſſe me from the Devill.

*Host.* Whoes that?

*Priſt.* The Sexton, almost frighted out of his witts, Did you ſee Banks, or Smay.

*Host.* No, they are gon to Waltham ſure, I would faine hence, come, lets to my house, Ile haue ſerue the Duke of Norfolk in this fashion againe whilſt I breath. If the Devill be amouſt vs, tis time to hoift ſaile, and cry Roomer: Keepe together Sexton, thou art ſecret: What? lets be comfortable one to another.

*Pri.* We are all mortall mine Host.

*Host.* True, and Ile ſerue God in the night hereafter, afore the Duke of Norfolk.

*Enter Sir Ralph Clare, and Sir Arthur Verningham,*  
*trouſing their Points, as new vp.*

*Sir Ra.* Good morrow gentle Knight,  
A happy day after your ſhort nights reſt.

*Sir Ar.* Ha, ha, Sir Ralph stirring ſo ſoone indeed,  
Birlady Sir, reſt would haue done right well,

Our

## The merry Denill

Our Riding late last night, has made me drowsie,  
Goe to, goe to, those daies are gone with vs.

Sir Ra. Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, care goc with those dales;  
Let 'am euen goe together, let 'am goe:  
Tis time y faith that we were in our graues,  
When Children leaue obedience to their Parents,  
When ther's no feare of God, no care, no dutie:  
Well, well, nay, it shall not doe, it shall not,  
No Mounchensey, thouſt here on't, thou ſhalt,  
Thou ſhalt y faith, Ile hang thy Son if there be Law in England:  
A Mans Child rauiſht from a Nuarie!  
This is rare; well, well, ther's one gon for Frier Hilderſham.

Sir Ar. Nay, gentle Knight doe not vexe thus,  
It will but hurt your heate:  
You can not greiue more then I doe, but to what end; but harke  
You Sir Ralph, I was about to ſay ſomething; it makes no mat-  
ter; But harke you in your care; the Frier's a Knaue, but God  
forgiue me, a Man can not tell neither, s'foot, I am ſo out of  
patience, I know not what to ſay.

Sir Ra. Thers one went for the Frier an hower agoe,  
Comes he not yet? foote, if I doe find knauerie vnder's Cowle,  
Ile tickle him: Ile firke him; here here, he's here, he's here:  
Good morrow Frier, good morrow gentle Frier.

Enter Hilderſham.

Sir Ar. Good morrow Father Hilderſham, good morow.  
Hil. Good morrow reuerend Knights vnto you both.  
Sir Ar. Father, how now? you heare how matters goc,  
I am vndone, my Childe is caſt away,  
You did your best; at leaſt I thinke the best,  
But we are all croſt, flatly all is daſhē.

Hil. Alas good Knights, how might the matter be?  
Let me understand your griefe for Charicie.

Sir Ar. Who does not vnderſtand my griefes? alas, alas!  
And yet you doe not: Will the Church permit,  
A Nunne in approbation of her Habit,

of Edmonton.

To be rauished.

Hild. A Holy-woman, Benedicte; Now God forefend that any should presume to touch the Sister of a Holy-house.

Sir Art. Iesus deliuere me.

Sir Ral. Why, Milleſcent the daughter of this Knight, Is out of Cheston taken this last night.

Hild. Was that faire Maiden late become a Nun?

Sir Ra. Was ſhe (quoth a) knauery, knauery, knauery, knauery; I ſmell it, I ſmell it yfaith; is the winde in that doore? is it euē ſo? doſt thou aſke me that now?

Hild. It is the firſt time that ere I heard of it.

Sir Art. Thats very ſtrange.

Sir Ra. Why tell me Frier, tell me, thou art counted a holy man; doe not play the hypocrite with me, nor (bearc with me) I can not diſſemble: did I ought but by thy owne conſent? by thy allowance? nay further, by thy warrant?

Hild. Why reuerend Knight?

Sir Ra. Vnreuerend Frier.

Hild. Nay then giue me leaue ſir to depart in quiet, I had hop'd you had ſent for me to ſome other end.

Sir Ar. Nay, ſtay good Frier, if any thing hath hapt, About this matter in thy loue to vs, That thy ſtrickt order cannot iuſtifie; Admit it be ſo, we will couer it, Take no care man; Dſciaime not yet my counſell and aduife, The riſeſt man that is may be ore-reacht.

Hild. Sir Arthur, by my Order, and my Faith, I know not what you meane.

S. Ra. By your order, & by your faith, this is moſt ſtrāge of all; Why tell me Frier, are not you Confeſſor to my ſonne Francke?

Hild. Yes that I am.

Sir Ra. And did not this good Knight here, and my ſelfe Confeſſe with you, being his Ghostly Father, To deale with him about th' unbanded mariage, Betwixc him, and that faire young Milleſcent?

## The merry Dewill

*Hil.* I never heard of any match intended.

*Sir Ar.* Did not we breake our mindes that very time,  
That our deuice in making her a Nunne,  
Was but a colour, and a verie plotte,  
To put by young Mounchensey; Ist not true?

*Hild.* The more I striue to know what you should meane, the  
lesse I understand you.

*Sir Ra.* Did not you tell vs still, how Peter Fabell at length  
would crosse vs, if wee tooke not heed?

*Hild.* I haue heard of one that is a great Magitian,  
But hee's about the Vniuersitie.

*Sir Ra.* Did you not send your Nouice Benedic,  
To perswade the girle to leaue Mounchenseys loue?  
To crosse that Peter Fabell in his Art,  
And to that purpose made him visitor?

*Hild.* I never sent my Nouice from my house,  
Nor haue we made our visitation yet.

*Sir Ar.* Neuer sent him? Nay, did he not goe? and did not I  
direct him to the house, and conferre with him by the way? and  
did not he tell me what charge he had receiuued from you, word  
by word, as I requested at your hands?

*Hild.* That you shall know, he came along with me, and staires  
without; Come hether Benedic: Enter Benedic.  
*Young Benedic,* were you ere sent by me to Cheston Nunnery,  
for a Visitor?

*Ben.* Neuer sir, truely.

*Sir Ar.* Stranger then all the rest.

*Sir Ra.* Did not I direct you to the house?  
Conferre with you from Walsham Abbey,  
Vnto Cheston wall?

*Ben.* I never saw you sir before this hower.

*Sir Ra.* The devill thou didst not: *Hoc Chamberlaine.*

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Cham.* Anon, anon.

*Sir Ra.* Call mine Host Blague hither.

*Cham.* I will send one ouer sir to see if he be vp, I think he  
be scarce stirring yet.

*Sir*

of Edmonson.

Sir Ra. Why knauc, didst thou not tell me an houre agone  
mine Host was vp?

Cham. I sir, my Master's vp.

Sir Ra. You knauc, is a vp, and is a not vp?  
Dost thou mocke me?

Cham. I sir, my Master is vp, but I thinke Master Blague im-  
deed be not stirring.

Sir Ralph. Why who's thy Master? is not the Master of the  
house thy Master?

Cham. Yes sir, but M. Blague dwells ouer the way.

Sir Ar. Is not this the George? before long theres some vil-  
lany in this.

Cham. Foote, our Signes remou'd, this is strange.

Enter Blague trussing his poyncts.

Host. Chamberlaine, speake vp to the new Lodgings,  
Bid Nell looke well to the Bak't-meates,  
How now my old Ieneret banke, my horse,  
My castle, lye in Waltham all night, and not  
Vnder the canopic of your Host Blagues house?

Sir Ar. Mine Host, mine Host, we lay all night at the George  
in Waltham, but whether the George be your Fe-simple or no,  
tis a question, looke vpon your Signe.

Host. Body of Saint George, this is mine overthwart neighbour  
hath done this, to seduce my blinde Customers, Ile tickle  
his Catastrophe for this; If I doe not indite him at the next Assises  
for Burglary, let me die of the yellowes; for I see tis no  
boote in these dayes to serue the good Duke of Norfolk, the  
villanous worlde is turn'd manger, one Iade deceives an other,  
and your Ostler playes his part commonly for the fourth share,  
haue we Comedies in hand, you whorson villanous Male London-lecher?

Sir Ar. Mine Host, we haue had the moylingst night of it  
that euer we had in our liues.

Host. I st certaine?

Sir Ra. We haue been in the Forrest all night almost.

Host. Foot, how did I misse you? hart, I was stealing of a

## The merry Deuill

Bucke there.

Sir Ar. A plague on you, we were slayed for you.

Host. Were you my noble Romanes? why, you shall share,  
the venison is a footing, *Sine Cerere & Baccho, friget Venere;*  
that is, theres a good break-fast prouided for a Marriage, that's  
in my house this morning.

Sir Ar. A Marriage mine Host?

Host. A coniunction copulatiue, a gallant match, betweene  
your daughter, and M. Raymond Mounchensey, young *Iunentus.*

Sir Ar. How?

Host. Tis firme, tis done,  
Weele shew you a President i'th Ciuitie-law for't.

Sir Ra. How! married?

Host. Leaue tricks, and admiration, theres a cleanly paire  
of sheets on the bed in the Orchard chamber, and they shall lie  
there, what? Ile doe it, I serue the good Duke of Norfolk.

Sir Ar. Thou shalt repent this Bligie.

Sir Ra. If any Law in England will make thee smart for  
this, expect it withall severitie.

Host. I renounce your defiance, if you parle so roughly. Ile  
barracado my gates against you: stand faire Bully; Priest come  
off from the rereward; what can you say now? twas done in my  
house, I haue shelter i'th Court for't; Doe you see yon bay win-  
dow? I serue the good Duke of Norfolk, and tis his lodgire,  
Storme, I care not, seruing the good Duke of Norfolk: thou art  
an actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

Enter Smug, Mounchensey, Harry Clare,  
and Millifcent.

Smug. Fire, nouns, ther's no fire in England like your Tri-  
nidado-sacke; is any man here humorous? wee stole the vi-  
son, and weele iustifie it; say you now.

Host. In good sooth Smug, thers more Sacke on the fire  
Smug.

Smug. I doe not take any exceptions against your Sacke, but  
if youle lend me a pike-staffe, ile cudgell them all hence, by this  
hand.

Host.

of Edmonton.

*Host.* I say thou shalt in to the Celler.

*Smu.* S'foot mine Host, shalls not grapple?

Pray pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a Cockatrices ege; shals not serue the Duke of Norfolke? *Exit.*

*Host.* In skipper in.

*Sir Arth.* Sirra, hath young Mounchancey married your Sister?

*Har. Cla.* Tis certainte sir; heeres the Priest that coupled them; the Parties ioyned, and the honest Witnesse that cride, Amen.

*Moun.* Sir Arthur Clare, my new created Father, I beseech you heare me.

*Sir Art.* Sir, sir, you are a foolish boy, you haue done that you cannot answere; I dare be bold to ceaze her from you, for shee's a profest Nun.

*Mill.* With pardon sir, that name is quite vndon,  
This true-loue knot cancells both Maide and Nun.

When first you told me I should act that part,  
How cold and bloodie it crept ore my heart!

To Chesson with a smiling brow I went,  
But yet, deere sir, it was to this intent,  
That my sweet Raymond might finde better meanes,  
To steale me thence: in briefe disguisde he came,  
Like Nauice to old Father Hildersham:

His Tutor here did act that cumming part,  
And in our loue hath ioyned much wit to art.

*Cla.* Is't even so?

*Mill.* With pardon therefore we intreate your smiles,  
Louethwarted, turnes it selfe to thousand wiles.

*Cla.* Young Maister Ferningham, were you an actor, in your owne loues abuse?

*Ier.* My thoughts, good sir,  
Did labour seriously vnto this end,  
To wrong my selfe ere I de abuse my friend.

*Host.* He speakes like a Bachelor of musick, all in numbers;  
Knights, if I had knowne you would haue let this couie of Partridges sitte thus long vpon their knees vnder my signe-post,

## The merry Deuill

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## The merry Devill

I would haue spread my doore with Couerlids.

*Sir Ar.* Well sir, for this your Signe was remoued, was it  
*Host.* Faith we followed the directions of the devill  
Master Peter Fabell, and *Smug* (Lord blesse vs) could never  
stand vpright since.

*Sir Ar.* You sir, twas you was his Minister that married them.

*Sir Io.* Sir to prooue my selfe an honest man, being that I was  
last night in the Forrest stealing Venison; now sir to haue you  
stand my friend, if the matter should be call'd in question, I mar-  
ried your Daughter to this worthy Gentleman.

*Sir Ar.* I may chance to require you, and make your necke  
crack for't.

*Sir Io.* If you doe, I am as resolute as my  
Neighboar Vicar of Waltham-Abbey: a hem,  
Grasse and hay, we are all mortall,  
Lets live till we be hangd mine Host,  
And be merry, and theres an end.

*Enter Fabian.*

*Fab.* Now Knights I enter, now my part begins.  
To end this difference, know, at first I knew  
What you intended, ere your loue tooke flight,  
From old Mounchensey; you Sir Arthur Clare,  
Were minded to haue married this sweet Beautie,  
To you; Francke Farningham; to crosse which match,  
I vsde some pretty sleightes, but I protest,  
Such as but late vpon the skirts of Art,  
No Coniurations, nor such weightie Spelles,  
As tie the Soule to their performancie:  
These for his loue who once was my deere Puple,  
Haue I effected: Now me thinkes tis strange,  
That you being old in wisedome, should thus knit,  
Your forehead on this match; since reason failes,  
No Law can curbe the Louers rash attempt,  
Yeares in resisting this, are sadly spent:  
Smile then vpon your Daughter and kinde Sonne,  
And let our toyle to future ages prooue,  
The Devill of Edmonton did good in Loue.

Sir

*of Edmonton.*

*Sir Ar.* Well, tis in vaine to crosse the Prouidence :  
Deere Sonne, I take thee vp into my heart,  
Rise Daughter, this is a kinde Fathers part.

*Host.* Why Sir George, send for Spindles Noise presently,  
Ha,ert be night, Ile serue the good Duke of Norfolk.

*Sir Jo.* Grasse and hay, mine Host, lets lye till we die, and be  
merry, and thers an end.

*Sir Ar.* What, is breakfast ready mine Host ?

*Host.* Tis, my little Hebrew.

*Sir Ar.* Sirra, ride straite to Cheffon-Nunrie,  
Fetch thence my Lady, the House I know,  
By this time misses their young Votarie :  
Come Knights lets in.

*Bilb.* I will to horse presently sir; a plague o my Lady, I shall  
miss a good breakfast. *Smug,* how chance you cut so plaguely  
behind, *Smug?*

*Smug.* Stand away, Ile founder you else.

*Bil.* Farewell Smug, thou art in an other element,

*Smug.* I will be by and by, I will be Saint George againe.

*Sir Ar.* Take heed the Fellow doe not hurt himselfe.

*Sir Ra.* Did we not last night finde two St. Georges heere ?

*Fab.* Yes Knights, this Martialist was one of them.

*Cla.* Then thus conclude your night of merriment.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

**FINIS.**